murderers. Last night, at seven o'clock, a woman was assassinated in her own room, not far from us. There is a great want of money; so much so as to make it necessary for Government to seize upon the *recette* at the opera.

I went yesterday to see the Museum, or Galerie du Louvre. The dimensions are wonderful, and contain crowds of *chefs-d'œuvres*, mixed with bad French pictures. Robert, the painter, attends us, to show what is intended to be done. The length is prodigious, but the colour gray and unfavourable for pictures. Robert wishes the Directory to make skylights, but they have no money. It will be very fine when the statues come into it ,* but there is hardly any light, and nowhere a good one, for the windows are all near the ground and much too low for the purpose of lighting up paintings. Only think ! When the Academicians opened out the plunder of Lombardy, they found nothing but copies; so wise are their *Mummii*, and so sharp the Italians.[1]

Bonaparte gives but a lame account of himself and his troops in his last letter, talking of bad

i If the Italians were too sharp for the French in this instance—an assertion much to be doubted—the latter amply revenged themselves at a later period, as was proved by the contents of the Louvre in 1814.